

HOLDUP MEN ROB GIRL AT DOOR OF BANK

POLICE SHOT AND TROOPS CALLED IN NEW MILL STRIKE

WEATHER—Fair To-Night and Sunday; Colder.

FINAL
EDITION.

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"Circulation Books Open to All."

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CITY SILENTLY HONORS MARTYRS OF THE MAINE AS HULK SINKS TO REST

For Five Minutes New York's Activities Cease as Memorial to Battleship Victims.

CUEA JOINS IN TRIBUTE.

Roses Hide Wreck of Ocean Warrior as She Is Towed to Last Resting Place.

HAVANA, March 16.—When the Maine passed by Morro Castle she was covered with a great American flag nearly enveloping the hull. The fortresses saluted as she passed out to sea.

At three o'clock this afternoon, and for five minutes thereafter, New York ceased its countless and varied activities and stood, as it were, silent and uncovered, while the hulk of the United States battleship Maine was sunk in the high seas off the coast of Cuba, with all the pomp and circumstance of a naval funeral.

While the guns of the convoying warships were thundering out their farewell salute and the Maine, with the flag of her nation valiantly flying, was sinking into the sea, New York, the city of her birth and building, was giving her a last tribute in silence.

When the entire city halted in its day's work there were many thousands whose minds were sharply confronted with the terrible picture of that night in Havana Harbor, the 15th of February, 1898.

The response of the city was universal. There were flags flying at half mast on practically all the large office buildings, on the municipal buildings, and upon the craft in the city's waters.

Bells were tolled and in innumerable offices all work ceased and there was silence. The only similar moments the city has ever known were on the afternoon President McKinley was buried.

In some cases the flags on the city's buildings were half-masted from early morning; in other cases they were drawn down from the staff head just at 3 o'clock, and there remained during the interval of burial.

ST. PATRICK PARADE HALTS AS MAINE SINKS TO REST.

The great St. Patrick's Day parade had just started from Forty-second street and Fifth avenue when the solemn tolling of the bells in St. Patrick's Cathedral announced the hour of the Maine's passing, and at once the paraders were halted and stood motionless for the impressive five minutes.

And as the bells began their slow rhythm, their sound accentuated the quiet which had so suddenly come upon the city. Then there came the tolling of other bells and from the rivers the sound of whistles being blown for the river craft had no other way, save the lowering of their colors, to indicate their participation in the ceremony.

Churches throughout the city responded with solemn tolling, and in many of

ARTISTIC HAZERS CLIP THE FLOWING LOCKS OF ARTIST

Art Students' League Qualifies Arthur B. Loumayho for Exhibiting His Picture.

FIRST TIE HIM IN CHAIR.

Get the Aid of Tonsorial Blacksmith Who Uses Clippers as Artist Howls.

Great woe has come to Arthur B. Loumayho—and also a lot of wrath—but he has the consolation of knowing he has qualified as an entrant in the exhibit of the society of American Fakirs which is soon to be held.

Where until noon to-day flourished luxuriant locks there now appears but a bald dome and all the members of the Art Students' League are wearing as souvenirs bunches of hair done up in ribbons—the prevailing color of the ribbons being green in honor of the day.

But before Mr. Loumayho was reduced to his present shorn state he put up a fight that will be remembered by the members of the League for many a day. It will be a long time, too, before the hall of the Art Students' League at No. 215 West Fifty-seventh street will house such a lot of loosened locks.

Mr. Loumayho is a teacher of drawing in one of the Brooklyn schools and he lives at No. 62 St. James place. He had sent a picture for the Fakirs' Show. It was one of the most impressionistic things ever seen on canvas. The hanging committee decided it would hardly do for the exhibit.

THEY HAD NOTICED HIS FLOWING LOCKS.

Still, out of friendship for a struggling artist, the committee thought out a way by which he might come in. When he arrived with the picture Mr. Loumayho's flowing locks were noticed. It could hardly be otherwise. The wind whirled as he went up the stairs.

It was decided that Mr. Loumayho might qualify if he would sacrifice his hair. The decision was not made known to him, but it was decided that he should go through the immolation before he was aware of it. When he reached the rooms of the League at noon he was met by a committee of girls. They were the Misses Levy, Ormsby and Farrelly. All wore masks.

Mr. Loumayho was escorted inside. Confronting him there were about seventy-five members, each wearing a cowl. The scene was solemn and impressive.

Then things happened in abundance. Strong hands laid hold of Mr. Loumayho. He was dragged howling and struggling to a chair. Ropes were brought out, and at the sight of them he became frantic. He kicked and howled the more. But to no avail. In a trice Mr. Loumayho was bound to the chair hand and foot, and a sepulchral voice was heard:

"Let the barber advance," it said. Swiftly the clippers ran over, or rather under, the top mat that had for so many years been the object of such solicitude and affection. The operation did not take long. Then Mr. Loumayho was released and was told that he had qualified.

"For what?" he asked. "For the exhibit," was told, and then he was informed that his picture might be placed before admiring eyes all through the show, which will last from April 8 to April 12.

STRIKERS SHOOT OFFICERS IN RIOT AT BARRE MILLS

Six Guards Wounded in Fusillade From Mob of Foreigners in Massachusetts City.

CALL MADE FOR TROOPS

Crowd in Ugly Temper and More Trouble Feared—Five Fighters Under Arrest.

(Special to The Evening World.)
BARRE, Mass., March 16.—A fusillade of shots were fired in a fight between a band of strikers at the plant of the Barre Wool Combing Company here and a detachment of civil officers to-day. Half a dozen of the officers were wounded and five men, all Italians, were arrested. The clash followed the removal of loaded cars from the plant of the Wool Combing Company, a move protested by the strikers. One man managed to escape from the officers, after he had been severely clubbed about the head. Sixty officers and 200 strikers engaged in the clash, in which pistols, clubs and stones were freely used.

A call for troops has been made on Gov. Foss, and a detachment of the militia from Worcester is expected here to-night, as more rioting is feared. One man managed to escape from the officers after he had been severely clubbed about the head.

STRIKERS CLUB AND STONE THE OFFICERS.

Some sixty officers, including twenty policemen from Worcester, sixteen deputy sheriffs, fifteen special officers and nine members of the Massachusetts District Police, were massed near the Wool Combing Company's plant in the expectation that an outbreak might occur.

The management of the mill had planned to ship some cars loaded with goods, and although the strike committee last night agreed not to interfere with the shipments, it was feared that some of the more irresponsible among the strikers might make trouble.

When the switching engine puffed into the mill yard over the spur track, a great crowd of strikers and towns people gathered about the mill gates awaiting developments. The officers were out in force, and detachments of them were scattered along the railroad track.

The work of taking the cars out of the yard of the wool combing company's plant was accomplished without interference, and the train had gone up the track when, suddenly a crowd of about 200 strikers surrounded a party of half a dozen officers.

Immediately clubs were wielded on both sides, and the strikers began throwing bricks and stones at the officers. The officers were severely cut and bruised. The predicament of the small band of officers was seen at once and reinforcements were sent to their assistance. It was then that shots were fired, some persons concealed behind the hose house opening fire upon the officers. The police returned the fire, though their assailants were under cover.

GOV. FOSS ASKED TO ORDER OUT TROOPS.

During the exchange of shots one bullet grazed the face of an officer, another officer was slightly scratched in the back by a bullet, and a third officer had a hole shot through his hat. Another policeman had his head split open by a club, still another was hurt by a stone that struck him in the leg, and a brick landing in the back of an officer's neck rendered him helpless for a time.

The riot was quelled in a short time and the streets were cleared of strikers. **BOSTON, March 16.**—A request for troops to assist in maintaining order in Barre during the strike at two mills was received by Gov. Foss from the Society of Men of that town to-day, but as it came by mail and as the situation was reported quiet by Adj. Gen. Pearson, at the time the letter was received, the request was not acted upon.

It developed that the Sheriff of Worcester County issued a precept yesterday asking that one of the Worcester companies of the State militia be sent to Barre. The company did not start, as Major Walsh, of the Governor's staff, reached the town during the afternoon and found conditions almost normal.

Gov. Foss stated that until the Sheriff and the police exhaust their authority in swearing in special officers, he will not call on the militia.

HELD UP ON ROOF, BEATEN BY THUGS, WHO STEAL \$1,000

Three Bandits Attack Jeweller, While Fourth Holds Him With Revolver.

LEADER IS CAPTURED.

Ex-Convict Member of Car Barn Gang Run Down in Long Chase.

Wayland on the roof of No. 213, East Ninety-seventh street to-day, Giuseppe De Luca, an itinerant jeweller dealer, was robbed of his satchel containing \$1,000 worth of jewelry. De Luca was savagely beaten about the head by blackjacks in the hands of three assailants, while the leader, who later gave his name as Harry Miller, thirty years old, residence at No. 612 Lenox avenue, held a revolver to the peddler's head. The police captured Miller and recovered the jewelry.

Inspector Hughes identified Miller as an ex-convict who served a term in Elmira Reformatory in 1902, for the theft of a horse and wagon and whose real name is William Linley.

De Luca, who lives at No. 215 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, sells jewelry in the Italian colony on East Ninety-seventh street. He had a customer on the top floor of No. 213 and another on the second floor from the top in No. 215. To save time he started to cross the roof from No. 213 to No. 215.

Linley, with his three confederates, followed De Luca to the roof, beat and robbed him, and dashed down through No. 213 to the street, with their victim staggering after them. Linley, who, according to De Luca, was the man who held the revolver and seized the goods, which he threw to one of his companions, ran into the building at No. 214 East Ninety-seventh street and to the roof.

Policeman William J. Quaine heard De Luca's cries and cornered Linley on the roof. Linley put up a desperate resistance and was still battling with the policeman when Detectives McDowd and White, who were at Ninety-seventh street and Second avenue, heard of the trouble and went to Quaine's assistance.

It was necessary to club Linley into submission. He was taken to the One Hundred and Fourth street station and later to Headquarters.

The police refuse to divulge where they recovered the jewelry, but expect to make further arrests in the case. Linley, or Miller, they say, is a member of the notorious Car Barn gang, which hangs out at Ninety-sixth street and Second avenue.

Linley was held on a charge of assault and robbery while De Luca's wounds were dressed and he was sent home.

WURRA! A YELLOW TAXI.

And Another, and Two More, But They Didn't Tote Gaynor.

W. P. McLoughlin was delegated to-day to take the Mayor uptown in a taxicab to review the St. Patrick's Day parade. He telephoned to the Astor House for a cab and a few minutes later, as he stood waiting at the curb in front of his Park Row office, a taxicab painted deep orange about the body drove up.

"Take it away," he said. "I'll be getting another of a more decent color."

A message was sent to another taxicab agency.

GIRL WHO WAS HELD UP AS SHE LEFT A BANK ON THE BOWERY TO-DAY.



MISS ELLA C. NICHOL

BIGGEST PARADE IN CITY'S HISTORY HONORS ST. PATRICK

30,000 Sons of Erin in Spectacular Tribute to Ireland's Patron Saint.

It is customary to say of each St. Patrick's Day parade that it is bigger and more imposing than any that ever happened before, but never has there been a larger or more impressive turnout of marchers to-day and never has there been such an immense crowd as that which assembled a long Fifth avenue for five miles, forming two solid lines of humanity through which the column moved.

In fact the crowds were so large around the starting point and in Fifth avenue between Forty-second street and the Plaza that the big force of mounted and traffic police had difficulty in keeping Fifth avenue open. The side streets below Fifty-ninth were so thronged with persons anxious to reach a point near the reviewing stand that the various bodies taking part in the parade were hampered in their progress to the places designated for their rendezvous. On this account the actual start was not made until shortly before 3 o'clock.

A most imposing feature of the great outpouring of sons of the Green Isle was the tribute paid to the departure forever from the eyes of man of the hulk of old battleship Maine. At the hour of 3 o'clock, when the Maine was sunk in the Atlantic off the Cuban coast the parade had just got straightened out and the first crashing of martial music had echoed up and down Fifth avenue.

PARADERS AND SPECTATORS PAID A SILENT TRIBUTE.

At a signal from Grand Marshal Frank J. Hartin the music ceased. The marching columns halted. Colors were lowered, soldiers stood at attention and civilians bowed their heads. The bells in St. Patrick's Cathedral began to toll and the cadence of their melody penetrating far up and down the avenue gave notice to the tens of thousands of spectators that a beautiful and solemn tribute to an inanimate factor in a war waged by the United States was being paid at the moment more than a thousand miles away.

For five minutes the movements of

LIVES ARE LOST AS LINER SINKS IN SEA COLLISION

Crew in Mad Fear Fight Passengers for Lifeboats Aboard Oriental Steamer Oceana.

20 BELIEVED DROWNED.

Crash of Vessel With German Bark Off English Coast Awakened All From Asleep.

NEW HAVEN, England, March 16.—Four passengers and a number of sailors, estimated at sixteen, are believed to have been drowned early to-day as a result of a collision between the Peninsular and Oriental liner Oceana and the German bark Pisagua, off Beachy Head in the English Channel. A wild panic followed the crash, the crew fighting the passengers and beating them with oars for possession of the life boats. For some time the lives of the liner's forty-nine passengers and of the two hundred and eighty men of her crew were placed in jeopardy. The courage of the officers and the speedy arrival of assistance, however, prevented a heavy death toll.

Twenty-eight of the passengers were landed here and nine at Eastbourne in small boats, but it is feared that the other four have been drowned, together with sixteen members of the Lascar crew, by the capsizing of a boat which was transferring them to a cross-channel steamer standing by.

After insisting all day that all of the passengers of the liner had been saved the officials of the Peninsular and Oriental this evening admitted that several of the passengers were missing. Their names were temporarily withheld.

CREW FIGHTS PASSENGERS FOR LIFEBOATS.

A large hole was torn in the port side of the Oceana, and she sunk five hours later when tugs were attempting to beach her. The wrecked vessel carried \$5,000,000 in specie and was bound for Bombay. The accident occurred at 4.30 A. M. It was unusually clear and seamen are unable to account for the collision.

The collision occurred while all the passengers were asleep in their berths. When they dashed out of their cabins on feeling the shock of the collision and hearing the crash of timber the water rushed in so quickly that the lower decks were awash in a few moments. The passengers trying to make their way to the upper decks, dressed in their night attire, had to wade through water up to their waists.

When the boats were lowered the Lascar crew fought with the passengers, beating them over the heads with staves in an effort to be the first to escape. Officers drew their revolvers and threatened the Lascars with death before they could be forced to permit the passengers to leave the vessel first.

By this time the excitement had become so intense that many of the women were overcome and had to be carried to the boats.

The first boat lowered was awamped and the passengers thrown into the water, but they were all picked up. The second boat was still sinking when a lifeboat from shore reached it.

Lifeboats were also sent out from shore in reply to signals of distress.

CHANNEL STEAMER HURRIES TO THE RESCUE.

One of the cross Channel mail steamers running between Dieppe and New Haven saw the signals of distress and immediately hoisted to and lowered her boats, on which many of the passengers were taken off. It was during this transfer that one of the small boats was reported to have capsized and that a score of women were drowned.

The bark Pisagua after the crash got underway with most of her headgear carried away. She reached Dover in a sinking condition, attended by several tugs.

MANY REPORTED LOST IN THE WRECK OF AN ITALIAN OCEAN LINER.

GIRL BANK MESSENGER IS HELD UP ON BOWERY IN TRAP SET BY POLICE

Detectives in Disguise, on Watch for Bandits, Close In Quickly as Three Highwaymen Grab Handbag from Cashier.

SHOTS FIRED IN CHASE BEFORE MEN ARE CAUGHT.

Police Believe Gang the One That Attacked Irving Beckerman Recently Near Same Place.

After an attack on a girl bank messenger to-day at the Germania Bank, at the Bowery and Spring street, four men were arrested by a score of detectives who had been watching for two weeks to catch the members of a robber gang which had been hanging about the bank for a long time. The police believe they have in custody the men who attacked Irving Beckerman, beat him insensible and robbed him in the middle of the afternoon at the Bowery and Great Jones street about a month ago.

The arrests were made after a running battle to the accompaniment of barking revolvers and the screams and shouts of a constantly increasing crowd such as only the east side of New York City can turn out when anything dramatic is going on. The streets were clogged for hours after the arrests.

KILLS HIMSELF TO AVOID GOING BACK TO SING SING

John F. Hoods Had Broken His Parole and Detectives Were on His Heels.

John F. Hoods, a paroled Sing Sing convict, shot and killed himself in his room at a lodging house at No. 161 West Thirty-fourth street this afternoon. He had broken the terms of his parole and State Detective Jackson of the Sing Sing Prison staff and H. B. Rodgers, parole agent of the Prison Association, were in the house, looking for him to arrest him and take him back to Sing Sing.

The Prison Association had found employment for Hoods when he was paroled Oct. 13 last. He had been sent to Sing Sing on an indefinite sentence in October of 1910 for the embezzlement of \$100. He left his latest employer two weeks ago without an explanation and failed to report after that to the parole officers. The police had several complaints against him for swindling hotels, among them the York, the Imperial and the Grand.

When Jackson and Rodgers entered the front door they asked the maid where Hoods was. She told them he could be found in the hall room on the sixth floor. Hoods was on the stairs. He looked over the banisters and recognized Jackson, whom he had seen at the prison.

He ran quickly up the stairs to the sixth floor, looked into the room of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lillian Downing.

"They're after me," he yelled but they'll never get me!"

A moment later a shot sounded. When Jackson and Rodgers rushed into his room they found him on the floor dead, with a bullet hole in his right temple and a revolver in his hand.

A NEW FLORAL & FRUIT EMPORIUM opens to-day. The finest fruit and floral store in the downtown district. A large assortment of fresh fruit and flowers constantly on hand. All kinds of floral designs made at short notice. Best value for money. Located at 100 West 42nd Street, near 7th Avenue. Free to any part of Greater New York. Open 12 hours a day. Tel. 2-2222. Entrance on 42nd St. at 10th Ave.